REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE NOTED DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: "Handwriting on the Wall."

Text: "In that night was Beishazzar, he King of the Chaldeans, slain."—Daniel,

Night was about to come down on Baby-lon. The shadows of her 250 towers began to lengthen. The Euphrates rolled on, touched by the flery splendors of the setting sun, and gates of brass, burnished and glit-tering, opened and shut like doors of flame. The hanging gardens of Babylon, wet with the heavy dew, began to pour from starlit flowers and dripping leaf a fragrance for many miles around. The streets and squares were lighted for dance and frolio and promerced. The theaters and galleries of art The theaters and galleries of art enade. The theaters and galleries of art invited the wealth and pomp and grandeur of the city to rare entertainments. Scenes of riot and wassall were mingled in every street, and godless mirth and outrageous reess and splendid wickedness came to the ing's palace to do their mightiest deeds of

A royal feast to-night at the king's palace! Rushing up to the gates are chariots, uphol-tered with precious cloths from Dedan, and drawn by fire eyed horses from Togarmah, that rear and neigh in the grasp of the char-loteers, while a thousand lords dismount, and women, dressed in all the splendors of Syrian emerald, and the color blending of agate, and the chasteness of coral, and the er glory of Tyrian purple and princely embroideries, brought from afar by camels across the desert and by ships of Tarshish

Open wide the gates and let the guests are all ready. Hark to the rustle of the silks, and to the carol of the music! See the blaze of the jewels! Lift the banners. Fill the Clap the cymbals. Blow the trumcups. Clap the cymbals. Blow the trum-pets. Let the night go by with song and dance and ovation, and let that Babylonish tongue be palsied that will not say, "O King Belshazzar, live forever!"

Ah, my friends, it was not any common hanquet to which these great people came! All parts of the earth had sent their richest viands to that table. Brackets and chande-Hers flashed their light upon tankards of purnished gold. Fruits, ripe and luscious, n baskets of silver, entwined with leaves, plucked from royal conservatories. Vases, inlaid with emerald and ridged with exquisite traceries, filled with nuts that were threshed from forests of distant lands. Wine brought from the royal vats, foaming in the decanters and bubbling in the chalices. Tufts of cassia and frankincense wafting their sweetness from wall and table. forgeous banners unfolding in the breeze that came through the open window, be-witched with the perfumes of hanging gar-dens. Fountains rising up from inclosures of ivory, in jets of crystal, to fall in clatter-ing rain of diamonds and pearls. Statues of mighty men looking down from niches in the wall upon crowns and shields brought from subdued empires. Idols of wonderful work standing on pedestals of precious stones. Embroideries stooping about the windows and wrapping pillars of cedar and drifting on floor inlaid with ivory and agate. Music, mingling with the thrum of blast of trumpets in one wave of transport that went rippling along the wall and thing among the garlands and pouring on the corridors, and thrilling the souls of a thousand banqueters.

The signal is given, and the lords and ladies, the mighty men and women of the land, come around the table. Pour out the wine. Let foam and bubble kiss the rim Hoist every one his cup and drink to the Let foam and bubble kiss the rim! iment, "O King Beischazzar, live forever!" Bestarred head band and carcanet royal beauty gleam to the uplifted chalices, as again, and again, again they are emptied, Away with care from the palace! Tear royal lignity to tatters! Pour out more Give us more light, wilder music ster perfume! Lord shouts to lord, cap in egles to captain. Goblets clash; de aters rattle. There come in the obscene ong, and the drunken hiccough, and the avering lip, and the guffaw of idiotic laugher, bursting from the lips of princes, flushed ng, bloodshot, while mingling with it Il I hear, "Huzza, huzza, for great Bel-

What is that on the plastering of the wall? it a spirit? Is it a phantom? Is it God? music stops. The goblets fall from the veless grasp. There is a thrill. There is start. There is a thousand voiced shrick horror, Let Daniel be brought in to read hat writing. He comes in. He reads it, Weighed in the balance and found want-

Meanwhile the Medes, who for two years ad been laying siege to that city, took adantage of that carousal and came in. I ear the feet of the conquerors on the palace airs. Massacre rushes in with a thousand earning knives. Death bursts upon the ene, and I shut the door of that banquet g hall, for I do not want to look. There is ing there but torn banners, and broken reaths, and the slush of upset tankards, and the blood of murdered women, and the eked and tumbled carcass of a dead king. or "in that night was Belshazzar, the king the Chaldeans, slain."

I go on to learn some lessons from all this learn that when God writes anything on e wall a man had better read it as it is. iel did not misinterpret or modify the indwriting on the wall. It is all foolishas to expect a minister of the gospel to sch always things that the people like or ashington, what shall I preach to u to-night? Shall I tell you of e dignity of human nature? Shall ell you of the wonders that our race has complished? "Oh, no," you say. "Tell the message that came from God." I

If there is any handwriting on the il, it is this lesson: "Repent! Accept of rist and be saved!" I might ask of a it many other things, but that is the mesre, and so I declare it. Jesus never flat-ed those to whom He preached. He said those who did wrong and who were offenin His sight: "Ye generation of vipers.
whited sepulchers! How can ye esthe damnation of hell!" Paul the le preached before a man who was not dy to hear him preach. What subject he take? Did he say: "Oh, you are a d man, a very fine man, a very noble No. He preached of righteousness man who was unrighteous, of temperto a man who was a victim of bad apites, of the judgment to come to a man o was unfit for it. So we must always dee the message that happens to come to Daniel must read it as it is. A minister sched before James L of England, who James VI. of Scotland. What subject e take? The king was noted all over orld for being unsettled and wavering his ideas. What did the minister preach at to this man who was James I. of Engand James VI. of Scotland? He took his text James i., 6: "He that wavereth ke a wave of the sea driven with the d and tossed." Hugh Latimer offended king by a sermon he preached, and the said, "Hugh Latimer, come and "I will," said Hugh Latiso the day was appointed, and king's chapel was full of lords and dukes the mighty men and women of the try, for Hugh Latimer was to apoligize. began his sermon by saying: "Hugh mer, bethink thee! Thou art in the ace of thine earthly king, who can dey thy body. But bethink thee, Hugh er, that thou art in the presence of the of neaven and earth, who can destroy body and soul in hell fire." Then he

other lesson that comes to us to-night is a great difference between the openof the banquet of sin and its close. ng man, if you had looked in upon the quet in the first few hours, you would

en with appalling directness at the

have wished you had been invited there and could sit at the feast. "Oh, the grandeur of Belshazzar's feast!" you would have said, but you look in at the close of the banquet and your blood curdles with horror. The king of terrors has there a ghastlier banquet. Human blood is the wine and dying groung are the music. Sin has made dying groams are the music. Sin has made itself a king in the earth. It has crowned itself. It has spread a banquet. It invites all the world to come to it. It has hung in its banqueting hall the spoils of all king-doms and the banners of all Nations. It has gathered from all music. It has strewn from its wealth the tables and floors and arches. And yet how often is that banquet broken up and how horrible is its end! Ever and anon there is a handwriting on the wall. A king fails. A great culprit is arrested. The knees of wickedness knock together. God's judgment, like an armed host, breaks in upon the banquet, and that night is Bel-

shazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain. Here is a young man who says: 'I cannot see why they make such a fuss about the intoxicating cup. Why, it is exhibitanting! It makes me feel well. I can talk better, think better, feel better. I cannot see why people have such a prejudice against it." A few years pass on, and he wakes up and finds himself in the clutches of an evil habit which he tries to break, but cannot, and he cries out, "O Lord God, help me!" It seems as though God would not hear his prayer, and in an agony of body and soul he cries out, "It biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." How bright it was at the start! How black it was at the last!

Here is a man who begins to read loose novels. "They are so charming." he says. "I will go out and see for myself whether all these things are so." He opens the gate of a sinful life. He goes in. A sinful sprite meets him with her wand. She waves her wand, and it is all enchantment. Why, it seems as if the angels of God had poured out vials of perfume in the atmosphere. As he walks on he finds the hills becoming more radiant with foliage and the ravines more resonant with the falling water. Oh, what a charming landscape he sees! But that sinful sprite, with her wand, meets him again, but now she reverses the wand, and all the enchantment is gone. The cup is full of poison. The fruit turns to ashes. All the leaves of the bower are forked tongues of hissing serpents. The flowing fountains fall back in a dead pool stenchful with corruption. The luring songs become curses and screams of demoniac laughter. Lost spirits gather about him and feel for his heart and beckon him on with "Hail brother! Hail, blasted spirit, hail!" He tries to get out. He comes to the front door where he entered and tries to push it back, but the door turns against him, and in the jar of that shutting door he hears these words, "This night is Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain." Sin may open bright as the morning. It ends dark as the night! I learn further from this subject that death

sometimes breaks in upon a banquet. Why did he not go down to the prisons in Babylon? There were people there that would like to have died, I suppose there were men and women in torture in that city who would have welcomed death, but he comes to the palace, and just at the time when the mirth is dashing to the tiptop pitch death breaks in at the banquet. often seen the same thing illustrated. Here is a young man just come from college. He is kind. He is loving. He is enthusiastic. He is eloquent. By one spring he may bound to heights toward which many men have been struggling for years. A profession opens before him. He is established in the law. His friends cheer him. Eminent men encourage him. After awhile you may see him standing in the American Senate or moving a popular assemblage by his eloquence, as trees are moved in a whirlwind. Some night he retires early. A fever is on him. Delirium, like a reckless charioteer, seizes the reins of his intellect. Father and mother stand by and see the tides of his life going out to the great ocean. The banquet is coming to an end. The lights of thought and mirth and eloquence are being extinguished. The garlands are snatched from the brow. The vision is gone. Death at the

I have also to learn from the subject that the destruction of the vicious and of those who despise God will be very sudden. The wave of mirth had dashed to the highest point when the invading army broke through. It was unexpected. Suddenly, almost always, comes the doom of those who despise God and defy the laws of men. How was it at the deluge? Do you suppose it came through a long northeast storm, so that people for days before were sure it was coming? No, I suppose the morning was bright; that calmness brooded on the waters; that beauty sat enthroned on the hills, when suddenly the heavens burst and the mountains sank like anchors into the sea that dashed clear over the Andes and the Himala-

The Red Sea was divided. The Egyptians tried to cross it. There could be no danger. The Israelites had just gone through. Where they had gone, why not the Egyptians? Oh, it was such a beautiful walking place! A pavement of tinged shells and pearls, and on either side two great walls of watersolid. There can be ino danger. Forward, great host, of the Egyptians! Clap the cymbals and blow the trumpets of victory! After them! We will catch them yet, and they shall be destroyed. But the walls begin to tremble! They rock! They fall! The rushing waters! The shrick of drowning men! The swimming of the war horses in vain for the shore! The strewing of the great host on the bottom of the sea, or pitched by the angry wave on the beach—a battered, bruised and loathsome wreck! Suddenly destruction came. One half hour before they could not have believed it. Destroved, and without remedy.

I am just setting forth a fact, which you have noticed as well as I. Ananias comes to the apostle. The apostle says, "Did you sell the land for so much?" He says, "Yes." It was a lie. Dead, as quick as that! Sapphira, his wife, comes in. "Did you sell the land for so much?" "Yes." It was a lie, and quick as that she was dead! God's judgments are upon those who despise Him and defy Him. They come suddenly.

Skilled sportsmen do not like to shoot a bird standing on a sprig near-by. If they are skilled, they pride themselves on taking it on the wing, and they wait till it starts. Death is an old sportsman and he loves to take men flying under the very sun. He loves to take them on the wing. Oh, flee to God this night! If there be one in this presence who has wandered far away from Christ, though he may not have heard the call of the gospel for many a year. I invite him now to come and be saved. Fiee from thy sin! Flee to the stronghold of the gospel! Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation.

Good night, my young friends; may you sulmbers! May you awake in the morning strong and well! But, oh, art thou a de-spiser of God? Is this thy last night on earth? Shouldst thou be awakened in the night by something, thou knowest not what, and there be saadows floating in the room. and a handwriting on the wall, and you feel that your last hour is come, and there be a fainting at the heart, and a tremor in the limb, and a catching of the breath—then thy doom would be but an echo of the words of the text: "In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."

Oh, that my Lord Jesus would now make Himself so attractive to your souls that you cannot resist Him, and if you have never prayed before or have not prayed since those days when you knelt down at your mother's knee, then that to-night you might pray, saving

Just as 1 am, without one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me, and that Thou bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come!

But if you cannot think of so long a prayer as that, I will give you a shorter prayer that you can say, "God be merciful to me, a sin-ner!" Or, if you cannot think of so long a prayer as that, I will give you a still shorter one that you may utter, "Lord save me or I perish!" Or, if that be too long a prayer, you aeed not make it. Use the word "help!" Or, if that be too long a word, you need not use any word at all. Just look and live!

Mrs. M. A. Owens Falls Down a Long Flight of Stairs and Kills Her Child.

Ladies meet with many accidents in descending stairs—the result being often a broken limb or worse, but we have never heard of where a mother falls down a flight of stairs-kills her child and escape death, until our attention was called to an accident to Mrs. M. A. Owens, of 2115 K St., Washington, D. C. We use her language:

"About two months before the time for my confinement I fell down a long flight of stairs and killed my unborn child. I know this, as I never felt it move afterwards and could tall it was out of position. Upon being exammamined by two physicians the child was

pronounced dead.

my symptoms were They decided, as so favorable and I was in no pain; could eat heartily, rest well and was doing finely in every way, that it was safer to let nature take its course, and left me with instructions that they be advised promptly of any unfavorable symptoms. had, without the knowledge of any one except my husband, been for some weeks using "Mother's Friend" with great relief and could see no reason why I should not continue its use, and did so. Now came a long time of suspense and waiting for developments. To the surprise of all I continued to do well, and got along better than I ever did before when enciente, although every one, including the physicians, feared the termination would be fatal.

Eight weeks and two days from the time I fell, natural labor came on and the child was taken away in the usual manner, and to the surprise of all, I was found in better condition than ever before at any previous confinement.

I had continued to use 'Mother's Friend' up to the last hour, and experienced so little trouble that when the time came was unaware of it, and the nurse had to make me undress quick and get in bed. I said to myself, "this ithe work of 'Mother's Friend,' and I am Having an easy time," as on previous occasions I suffered tortures for hours

Everything was so easy and rapid that the physicians had only time to get in the house. Always before I had trouble with my breasts, but this time I had none, as I used 'Mother's Friend' on them as directed. I had them drawn and dried without any inconvenience. You must not forget that it was eight weeks and two days from the death of the child before confinement, and I suffered less and was stronger than ever before on such an occasion. My physicians and friends, marveled at my escape.

I know that "Mothers' Friend" saved my life, and hope every expectant mother will use it. It robs the final hour of terrible suffering and leaves her stronger and makes recovery more rapid. I have learned of marvelous results where only one bottle had been used, but the sooner "Mothers' Friend" is begun and the longer used, the better for the mother when the hour arrives. The Bradfield Regulator Co., of At

lanta, Ga., will mail free to any expectant mother their little book containing valuable information and voluntary testimonials from ladies who have used 'Mothers' Friend" with happy results. It can be obtained of any prominent druggist in the United States.

A Queer Compound.

A German chemist has made the dissovery of a new compound body, which is soid to possess the peculiar quality of solidifying under the action of heat, and to again revert to the liquid state at a temperature below 32 degrees Fahrenheit. To this substance the name of "crostase" has been given, and it is stated to be obtained by mixing equal parts of phenol, camphor and saporine, with the addition of a smaller proportion of the essence of trebenthine. It is supposed that up to the present time no body possesses this remarkable proper of liquidifying when cold and solidifying when not. Certain substances, such as albumen, harden when exposed to heat; but once they have attained this condition they cannot be made to resume the liquid state, although they may be subjected to exceedingly low tempera-

In the Best London Style.

Acquaintance—Got that top coat in London, did you? Have it made by a

Returned Tourist-Certainly. You didn't suppose I could buy as ill-fitting a thing as that ready made, did you? Not in It.

Muggins-Let's stop in here and have some beer and frog's legs. Buggins-No, thanks; my doctor

has warned me against hops. - Philadelphia Record. Your Life Depends in a large measure upon your digestive capacity. In other words, if, from stomach weak-ness your system is not receiving the required

amount of nourishment, you are being slowly starved to death. In all dig stive disorders the standard medicine is Tyner's Dyspep ia Remedy. Indigestion is immediately relieved by it, and the worst dyspeptics are entirely and speedily cured by its proper use. For sale everywhere. Heg Raising Extraordinary. Two acres mulberries fatten 85 hogs. Thes hogs were turned in the orchard in May and kept there till September eating nothing but mulberries and were perfectly fat when taken out. They were fed a little corn to harden

the meat and then killed. mulberry trees 6 :0 8 ft. high cost \$30.00 - what are 85 fat hogs worth? For best kinds of mulberries write for new catalogue which is sent free. Address W. D. Beatie, Atlanta, Ga. When You Come to Renlize that your corns are gone, and no pain, how grateful you feel. The work of Hindercorns, 15c

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PATTERSON Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle. Luminous Paint.

The most recent and, it is claimed, practical method, described, for the production of luminous paint is as follows: Oyster shells are cleaned with warm water, then put into the fire for half an honr, at the end of which time they are taken out and allowed to cool; when quite cold, they are pounded to a fine state, all gray portions discarded, and the powder placed in a crucible, in alternate layers, with flowers of sulphur. The lid is put on and cemented with sand made into a stiff paste with beer, and, when dry, is baked in the fire for the space of an hour. When quite cold the lid is opened, and, as the product should be white, all gray parts are to be separated, as they are non-luminous. A sifter is then made by taking a pot, putting a piece of very fine muslin loosely around, tied about with a string, and the powder put in at the top and raked about until only the coarse powder remains. On opening the pot, a very fine powder is found, and this is to be mixed into a thin paint with gum water, two thin applications being better than one thick one. This is said to be a luminous paint that will show luminously far into the night, provided it is exposed to the light during the day.

Vicarious.

Doctor-Countess, I should be glad if you would let me hear you cough. Countess-I don't feel disposed to do so just now. (To her maid) Elize, please cough as I did this morning .-Motto per Ridere.

Would Do His Part.

Editor-Yes, we need a man. Do you know how to run a newspaper? Applicant-No, sir; but I'm willing to learn. I've been in the business over ten years.—Puck.

Reflected Glory.

A man who sits around and boasts of his ancestors makes a mighty poor ancestor himself. - Atchison Globe.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever producet, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

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There is a dealer in men's shoes who has sticking out of each pair of shoes in the window of his store three new \$1 bills. An accompanying announcement reads: "Three of a kind takes a pair." A young man undertook to beat the game the other day. "You sell shoes according to the Post.

rules of 'poker,' don't you?" he inquired.

"We do," replied the clerk. "Well, I wear size 9; wrap me up

two pairs of them." He received the shoes and handed over \$3. "Excuse me," said the clerk, "but

those shoes come to \$6." "That's all right," replied the young man, "three of a kind beat two pair." "I know that," said the clerk, "but

they don't beat four nines."-Shoe and Leather Reporter. An odd cribbage board is made of

aluminum and fashioned in the shape of a heart. The pegs have flower heads and the whole is scattered over with small hand-painted forget-me-nots. In the center of the heart are painted three cards—an ace of hearts, a four of spades and a jack of diamonds.

MRS. ADAMS' LETTER.

LYERLY, Chattooga Co., Ga., Oct. 4, 1895.



Two medicines have done me so much good I cannot find words to express my gratitude for them. I was down with a complication of troubles, catarrh of the bowels and falling of the womb. For seven weeks I could not sit up. Two bottles of McElree's

Wine of Cardui and one package of Thedford's Black-Draught cured me. I have recommended the Wine of Cardui Treatment to a number of sufn and not one has failed to find relief by its use. If I can do anything to help bring this good medicine to the attention of sufferers, I will be glad. MRS. E. C. ADAMS.

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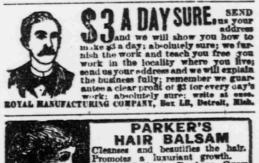


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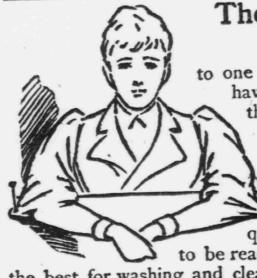


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The woman pinned down to one or two uses of Pearline will

have to be talked to. Why is she throwing away all the gain and help that she can get from it in other ways? If you have proved to yourself that Pearline washes clothes, for instance, in the easiest, quickest, safest way, you ought to be ready to believe that Pearline is

the best for washing and cleaning everything. That's the truth, anyway. Try it and see. Into every drop of water that's to be used for cleansing anything, put some Pearline. 476

illions row Pear

When He's Gone.

"Ho-hum!" sighed Cummin Weele, "I wish these wheels 'n electricity would hurry up their work-"

Truck Byder-"W'ot idee ye got

now, Cummin?" "Then we kin start out huntin's job o' tendin' hosses."- Cleveland

To clean silver, wash it in hot soap suds, to which ammonia has been added in the proportion of one tablespoonful to a quart of suds. Brush well with an old tooth or nail brush or, better still, with a small hand brush which can be bought for a

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